Numb. 198

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Quale ſit id quod amas Celeri circumſpice Mente,
Et tua cæſura ſubſtrahe colla Jugo. Ovid.

From *Thurſday July* 13. to *Saturday July* 15. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 14.

The Hiſtory of Cælia.

IT is not neceſſary to look back into the Firſt Years of this young Lady, whoſe Story is of Conſequence only as her Life has lately met with Paſſages very uncommon. She is now in the Twentieth Year of her Age, and owes a ſtrict but chearful Education to the Care of an Aunt, to whom ſhe was recommended by her dying Father, whoſe Deceaſe was haſtened by an inconſolable Affliction for the Loſs of her Mother. As *Celia* is the Offspring of the moſt generous Paſſion that has been known in our Age, ſhe is adorned with as much Beauty and Grace as the moſt celebrated of her Sex poſſeſs; but her domeſtick Life, moderate Fortune, and religious Education, gave her but little Opportunity, and leſs Inclination, to be admired in publick Aſſemblies. Her Abode has been for ſome Years a convenient Diſtance from the Cathedral of St. *Paul*'s, where her Aunt and ſhe choſe to reſide for the Advantage of that rapturous Way of Devotion, which gives Extaſy to the Pleaſures of Innocence, and in ſome Meaſure the immediate Poſſeſſion of thoſe Heavenly Enjoyments for which they are addreſſed.

As you may trace the uſual Thoughts of Men in their Countenances, there appeared in the Face of *Celia* a Chearfulneſs, the conſtant Companion of unaffected Virtue; and a Gladneſs, which is as inſeparable from true Piety. Her every Look and Motion ſpoke the peaceful, mild, reſigning, humble Inhabitant, that animated her beauteous Body. Her Air diſcover'd her Body a meer Machine of her Mind, and not that her Thoughts were employ'd in ſtudying Graces and Attractions for her Perſon. Such was *Celia* when ſhe was firſt ſeen by *Palamede* at her uſual Place of Worſhip. *Palamede* is a young Man of Two and twenty, well-faſhioned, learned, genteel, and diſcreet, the Son and Heir of a Gentleman of a very great Eſtate, and himſelf poſſeſs'd of a plentiful one by the Gift of an Unkle. He became enamoured of *Celia*; and after having learn'd her Habitation, had Addreſs enough to communicate his Paſſion and Circumſtances, with ſuch an Air of good Senſe and Integrity, as ſoon obtain'd Permiſſion to viſit and profeſs his Inclinations towards her. *Palamede*'s preſent Fortune and future Expectations were no way prejudicial to his Addreſſes; but after the Lovers had paſſed ſome Time in the agreeable Entertainments of a ſucceſsful Courtſhip, *Celia* one Day took Occaſion to interrupt *Palamede*, in the midſt of a very pleaſing Diſcourſe, of the Happineſs he promiſed himſelf in ſo accompliſhed a Companion; and aſſuming a ſerious Air, told him, There was another Heart to be won before he gained her's, which was that of his Father. *Palamede* ſeemed much diſturbed at the Overture, and lamented to her, That his Father was one of thoſe too-provident Parents who only place their Thoughts upon bringing Riches into their Families by Marriages, and are wholly inſenſible of all other Conſiderations. But the Strictneſs of *Celia*'s Rules of Life made her inſiſt upon this Demand; and the Son, at a proper Hour, communicated to his Father the Circumſtances of his Love, and the Merit of the Object. The next Day the Father made her a Viſit. The Beauty of her Perſon, the Fame of her Virtue, and a certain irreſiſtible Charm in her whole Behaviour on ſo tender and delicate an Occaſion, wrought ſo much upon him, in ſpight of all Prepoſſeſſions, that he haſtened the Marriage with an Impatience equal to that of his Son. Their Nuptials were celebrated with a Privacy ſuitable to the Character and Modeſty of *Celia*; and from that Day till a fatal one of the laſt Week, they lived together with all the Joy and Happineſs which attend Minds entirely united.

It ſhould have been intimated, that *Palamede* is a Student of the *Temple*, and uſually retired thither early in a Morning, *Celia* ſtill ſleeping.

It happened a few Days ſince, that ſhe followed him thither to communicate to him ſomething ſhe had omitted in her redundant Fondneſs to ſpeak of the Evening before. When ſhe came to his Apartment, the Servant there told her, ſhe was coming with a Letter to her. While *Celia* in an inner Room was reading an Apology from her Husband, that he had been ſuddenly taken by ſome of his Acquaintance to dine at *Brentford*, but that he ſhould return in the Evening; a Country Girl decently clad asked, If thoſe were not the Chambers of Mr. *Palamede*? She was anſwered, They were, but that he was not in Town. The Stranger asked, When he was expected at Home? The Servant reply'd, She would go in and ask his Wife. The young Woman repeated the Word Wife, and fainted. This Accident raiſed no leſs Curioſity than Amazement in *Celia*, who cauſed her to be removed into the

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inner Room. Upon proper Applications to revive her, the unhappy young Creature returned to her self, and said to *Celia* with an earnest and beseeching Tone, Are you really Mr. *Palamede*'s Wife? *Celia* replies, I hope I do not look as if I were any other in the Condition you see me. The Stranger answers, No, Madam, he is my Husband. At the same instant she threw a Bundle of Letters into *Celia*'s Lap, which confirmed the Truth of what she asserted. Their mutual Innocence and Sorrow made them look at each other as Partners in Distress, rather than Rivals in Love. The Superiority of *Celia*'s Understanding and Genius gave her an Authority to examine into this Adventure, as if she had been offended against, and the other the Delinquent. The Stranger spoke in the following Manner:

MADAM,

'If it shall please you, Mr. *Palamede* having an Uncle of a good Estate near *Winchester*, was bred at the 'School there, to gain the more his good Will by 'being in his Sight. His Uncle died and left him 'the Estate, which my Husband now has. When 'he was a meer Youth, he set his Affections on me; 'but when he could not gain his Ends, he married 'me; making me, and my Mother who is a 'Farmer's Widow, swear we would never tell it 'upon any Account whatsoever, for that it would 'not look well for him to marry such a One as 'me; besides, that his Father would cut him off 'of the Estate. I was glad to have him in an honest Way, and he now and then came and stay'd 'a Night and away at our House: But very lately 'he came down to see us with a fine young Gentleman his Friend, who stay'd behind there with 'us, pretending to like the Place for the Summer; 'but ever since Master *Palamede* went, he has attempted to abuse me, and I ran hither to acquaint 'him with it, and avoid the wicked Intentions of 'his false Friend.

Celia had no more Room for Doubt, but left her Rival in the same Agonies she felt her self. *Palamede* returns in the Evening, and finding his Wife at his Chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to *Celia*'s Lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine than express the Sentiments of either the Criminal or the Injured at this Encounter.

As soon as *Palamede* had found Way for Speech, he confessed his Marriage, and his placing his Companion on Purpose to violate his Wife, that he might break through a Marriage made in his Nonage, and devote his riper and knowing Years to *Celia*. She made him no Answer, but retired to her Closet. He returned to the *Temple*, where he soon after received from her the following Letter:

SIR,

'YOU who this Morning were the best, are 'now the worst of all Men who breath Vital 'Air. I am at once overwhelmed with Love, Hatred, Rage, and Disdain. Can Infamy and Innocence live together? I feel the Weight of the one too strong for the Comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven, how bitter is my Portion? How much have I to say? But the Infant which I bear about me stirs with my Agitation. I am *Palamede*, to live in Shame, and this Creature be Heir to it. Farewel for ever.

Advertisements.

* * * The First Volume of the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; in Octavo, on a fine Royal and Medium Papers, is now to be delivered to Subscribers, and by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, and J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

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(4)

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MOurning Gowns for Men and Women, of Silk, Stuff, and Callicoes (being the Goods of Persons that failed) which were made for the late Queen's Use, and Still, are now to be sold at the Golden Sugar-Loaf up one Pair of Stairs, over against the Horse at Charing-Cross; with a fresh Parcel at very low Rates, the Price being set on each Gown.

NOtice is hereby given, That 53 Hds. of extraordinary French Claret will be put up to Sale, at 25 l. per Hogshead, at Garraway's Coffee-house in Exchange-Alley, on Thursday the 20th Instant, at Three in the Afternoon. Catalogues may be had at the publick Sale Warehouse on the North Part of the Royal Exchange, up the Stairs of Threadneedle-street Side. Likewise where Notes will be given to the Cooper, in order for Gentlemen and others to tast the Wines.

FRancis Burton, Milliner, is removed from the New Exchange in the Strand, to the Three Stags Heads in Bedford-street in Covent-Garden.

* * Just publish'd, The Compleat Sheriff; wherein is set forth his Office and Authority, with Directions how and in what Manner to execute the same, and the Resolution of the Judges in several late Cases relating thereunto. The 2d Edition, with large Additions, in 8vo. Legal Provisions for the Poor, or a Treatise of the Common and Statute Laws concerning the Poor, either as to Relief, Settlement, or Punishment, in 12mo. Tenants Law, or the Law of Landlords, Tenants and Farmers, in 12mo. The Fifth Edition, with large Additions. The New Returna Brevium; wherein is contained the latest Returns of Writs in the Court of Chancery, Queen's Bench and Exchequer, in 8vo. All printed for J. Walthoe in the Temple-Cloysters.

* * This Day is publish'd, A Poem to the Memory of the incomparable Mr. Philips: Humbly inscribed to the Rt. Hon. Henry St. John Esq; Also an Extract of the Journal of the Hon. House of Commons in the Year 1660, the Time of the Restoration of King Charles II. shewing the Sense of that House touching Resistance; fit to be added to the Tryal of Dr. Sacheverell. Printed for D. Brawne and B. Lintott near Temple-Bar, and sold by A. Baldwin at the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-lane.

* * This Day is publish'd, The Works of the late Rev. Mr. Sam. Johnson, some Time Chaplain to the Right Hon. William Lord Russel. To which are prefix'd, some Memoirs of the Author. Printed for A. Bell at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhil, E. Sanger at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet, and N. Cliff near Mercers-Chapel in Cheapside.

JUst A Treatise, entitled, A perfect Cure for the King's Evil (whether hereditary or accidental) by effectual Alcalious Medicines, faithfully approved by the Experience of 18 Years Practice, and the Testimony of above 400 Patients restored beyond Relapse. By Tho. Fern, Chirurgeon. Giving an exact Account also, how he himself was perfectly cured by the same Medicines, after having languished 11 Years under the same Distemper, and being given over by several eminent Physicians and Surgeons in London. Printed for D. Brown without Temple Bar, W. Strahan at the Golden-Ball in Cornhil, A. Bettsworth at the Red Lion on London-Bridge, C. King in Westminster-Hall, W. Mears near Lincolns-Inn Gate in Chancery Lane, and at the Author's House in Grange-Court near Lincolns-Inn. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.* bound, 1 *s.* stitch'd.

MR. Beger's Sale of Gold and Silver Work, where of the Tickets were delivered at Mr. Cuny, a Silversmith, in Panton-Street, is to be drawn at the Dancing-School the Corner of Thrive-Street by Soho-Square on Thursday the 20th Instant.

THE Silver Punch-Bowl, &c. that was inserted in this Paper on Tuesday last to be drawn on the 20th Instant, is deferred till the 30th of Aug. next, a Gentleman having lost two Tickets, and doth hereby promise to give 5 *s.* Reward to any one that shall bring them to Mrs. Selby, Sword-Cutler, in St. Martin's-Court. Care will be taken (if not found) that they shall be useless. No Questions shall be ask'd. 'Twill be then drawn without fail, for further Notice.

LOst about 6 Weeks since from Northaw, Hertfordshire, a black and white Hound, one Year old, with 4 white Legs, a white Spot on the near Shank, a scalded Nose, and a black Tail, with a white Tip. Whoever brings the said Hound to Sir William Leman at Northaw, or to Mr. Cace, Woollendraper, at the Angel in Fenchurch-street, shall have half a Guinea Reward.